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Our Outlook Tower.

ON EARNING IMMORTALITY.

THE REV. A. J. McIVOR-TYNDALI, Vice-President of the General Assembly of Spiritualists, State of New York, U.S.A., and President of the New York State Pastors' Alliance, in an address at Plymouth, U.S.A., on October 24, made some finely striking points from which we quote the following:—

It is a mistake to believe that the moment death has closed our mortal eyes, we are at once freed from the mental concepts, the dwarfed notions, the limitations and lack of spiritual consciousness that we have indulged in while here. Immortality must be earned, by each and every one for himself. The price is development, much development. We must develop our mental areas; we must enlarge our sympathies, our understanding. We must increase our capacity for human kindness, for service, for forgiveness, for tolerance, for understanding, and for knowledge. Spiritualism is the only religion consistent with progress. It eliminates death, dealing only with a living universe—a living God. It proves that as we live—so we are after the change called death. We earn our right to heaven, even as we determine our state of mind here, and hereafter. We do not go to heaven, we grow to heaven. Spiritualism shows and demonstrates that the greatest virtue is helpfulness to others. It is the creed of ever-present, ever-aspiring, ever-progressing life. It is all blended into an eternal now, with death merely a lesson in experience—a station on the road of Eternal Life.

THE SUCCESSFUL INQUIRER.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE in his "History of Spiritualism" thus describes the type of investigator most likely to arrive at the sublime truth of Spiritualism, and the spirit in which he must approach and conduct his inquiry:—

"The perfect recipient of spiritual teaching is the earnest man who has worked his way through all the orthodox creeds, and whose mind, eager and receptive, is a blank surface ready to register a new impression exactly as received. He becomes the true child and pupil of other-world teaching, and all other types of Spiritualist appear to be compromises. This does not alter the fact that personal nobility of character may make the honest compromiser a far higher type than the pure Spiritualist, but it applies only to the actual philosophy. The field of Spiritualism is infinitely broad, and on its every variety of Christian, as well as the Moslem, the Hindu, or the Parsee, can dwell in brotherhood. But a mere acceptance of spirit-return and communion is not enough. Many savages have that. We need a moral code as well, and whether we regard Christ as a benevolent teacher or a divine ambassador, His actual ethical teaching in one form or another, even if not coupled with His name, is an essential thing for the upliftment of mankind. But always it must be checked by reason, and acted upon in the spirit, and not according to the letter."

WHAT MEDIUMS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED.

E. W. and M. H. WALLIS conclude their highly instructive book on "Mediumship Explained," as follows:—

The value of mediumship consists primarily in the fact that it supplements and confirms the hope and intuitions of the human heart and gives certitude in place of conjecture, knowledge instead of belief. This all-important result of the strenuous efforts of spirit people, of the noble fidelity of mediums, of the persistent devotion of the pioneer advocates of the facts of spirit-intercourse, is now being recognised by advanced thinkers in all realms. The splendid services of the heroic but despised sensitives who bore the brunt of the world's scorn and contumely during the past half-century are at last winning recognition, and the world's desire—its "longing after immortality"—is to-day established as a conviction based upon demonstration—no longer a dream but a scientific assurance.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE BIBLE.

THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, the celebrated preacher to whom W. E. Gladstone and other great statesmen used to listen with delight, once said, in an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance:—

"People now believe in the Bible because of Spiritualism; they do not believe in Spiritualism because of the Bible." Continuing, he said:—"Take up your Bible and you will find that there is not a single phenomenon which is recorded there which does not occur at seances to-day. Whether it be lights, sounds, the shaking of the house, the coming through closed doors, the mighty rushing winds, levitation, automatic writing, the speaking in tongues, we are acquainted with all these phenomena; they occur every day in London as well as in the Acts of the Apostles. . . . It is incontestable that such things do occur, that in the main the phenomena of Spiritualism are reliable, and happen over and over again, under test conditions, in the presence of witnesses; and that similar phenomena are recorded in the Bible, which is for our learning. It is not an opinion, not a theory, but a fact. There is chapter an verse for it, and this is what has rehabilitated the Bible. The clergy ought to be very grateful to Spiritualism for this, for they could not have done it themselves. They tried, but they failed."

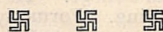
THE UNIVERSE A WHISPERING GALLERY.

Dr. J. M. PEEBLES, the fervent Apostle of Spiritualism, wrote as follows, long before the days of wireless broadcasting:—

The universe is not dead. Every atom is afire with life. Inspiration is as eternal as the stars. Trances are in perfect harmony with psychic law. God is everywhere from sand to stars, to the suns that dot the immensities; and angels would speak as readily to God's living Americans as to His ancient Hebrews if the proper conditions were given them. Open the doors of your souls, O mortals, and invite the good angels in; invite your loved ones, peopling the higher spheres, to come with their olive-leaf messages of love and truth and wisdom.

The universe is one. Conscious spirit is infinite, and if, as science teaches, every undulating wave in its rhythmic motion impinges upon every other wave in the vast all-embracing sea of universal life, who can set limits to the bounds of thought, or will, or spirit influence, either within or without the mortal body?

Believed or not, this peerless universe is one vast whispering gallery, and we are surrounded, as the Apostle taught, by a great cloud of witnesses—numberless multitudes—who delight under proper conditions to converse with earth's foot-weary travellers, by impression, inspiration, premonition, and vision. Precious fact, proving the perpetuity of intelligence, of love, and of law, beyond death's portal!



SPIRITUALIST CHURCH FOR CHELTENHAM.—On Wednesday, October 27th, Mr. Henry Bubb, J.P., of Ullenwood, President of the Cheltenham Spiritualist Society, laid a stone to commemorate the building of the Society's new church, which they hope to open next year. For three and a half years services have been held every Sunday at Montpelier Rotunda; but the hall being used for other purposes during the week offered unsuitable conditions for spiritual work. Holding over a hundred people, it became too small for an increasing congregation, and the members desired a building of their own. After much searching the Society's most energetic secretary, Mr. M. E. A. Martin, found a suitable site in Bennington Street, a quiet thoroughfare near the centre of the town. The land was purchased, the gift of two of the members. Building operations were delayed by the refusal of the municipal authorities to pass the plans. This difficulty having been overcome, the building of the church is proceeding apace. The venerable President dedicated the commemoration stone in the following words:—"I declare this stone to be truly set and laid, as a foundation of this Church and to the glory of God and the Angel World; and I pray that the richest blessings from the Higher Life may abide with its members, together with love, peace, and honour."

True and False Humility.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Light on the Foothills."

IN the quiet hours of night—my mind dwelling upon the question of humility—the voice of a helper in the higher spheres reached my inner consciousness :—

Until you recognise your oneness with the Oversoul, you can never attain spiritual humility. To us your earthly idea of humility is partly false; for it falls short of true realisation. It is so mixed with personal feelings and emotion, that it is a very different state of consciousness from the true Christ humility.

We do not say this in condemnation, for while we see your limitations we see also much that is good and beautiful in your wish to be duly humble. To attain to spiritual humility one must reach the highest, purest, most profound realisation that one is divine in heredity, and with the courage of certainty be able to say—"I am a child of God; I am conscious of the cosmic Christ-Spirit within me; I can do all things, for I am acting in co-operation with the Father and His Ministers; of this I am glad and proud and grateful; I know when I have done well because then I am conscious of the power that is working through me; it is the limitless power of the Universal Spirit, whose strength is inexhaustible, whose love is unbounded."

This is spiritual humility, to know your high calling, to be conscious of the power to render service, and at the same time to realise that you—but for the Christ in you—are as nothing.

Spiritual humility does not belittle its service, is not dissatisfied with work accomplished, though it is ever aiming at betterment. Regrets are depressing and destructive; thankfulness is creative and upbuilding; so be thankful for every advance in capacity to serve. There is the glory of partnership about every good work done with high purpose and endeavour. Disparagement of such is disloyal—a false humility.

These words cannot compare with the strength and rhythm of the message which streamed

into my mind in the stillness of the night, in answer to a question I put regarding false humility.

Undoubtedly the old Uriah Heap kind of humility was a false one. No one can respect and love others who does not respect and love that greater Self which he knows he is, in germ. The Christ injunction to "love your neighbour as yourself" would be meaningless if this were not true. This higher type of love of self prompts a man to cultivate and increase every faculty and gift, and to strive for spiritual development, so as to become a more efficient instrument to carry out God's will on earth.

No one can do the best for others until he has striven to make the best of himself. If he thinks badly of himself, he will think badly of others. We need the wisdom from on high to direct us on this narrow path; it is so easy to slip into the abyss of spiritual pride on the one side, or false humility on the other. Here is the safeguard: *To have our thoughts ever flowing spontaneously toward the Infinite Mind; to be one with God, and a wise lover of self; and to feel ourselves, more and more, parts of God manifest in the flesh.*

We are never called upon to do that which we are not equal to; we have the power of the Supreme with which to work; and unselfish effort in service unflinchingly attracts the aid of Spirit-helpers to support us. How proud and yet how humble this should make us!

The Return of Abbé Déroulède.

A CATHOLIC CANON'S TESTIMONY.

MADAME GABRIELLE-CAMILLE FLAMMARION, widow of the renowned astronomer and valiant apostle of Spiritualism, tells the following real ghost story in *La Revue Spirite* :—

A clergyman, highly respected by all who know him, and esteemed for the sincerity of his convictions as for his learning, visited Camille Flammarion on March 17, 1924, and reported to him in my presence the following happenings, which are very remarkable from every point of view. I wrote the story down thus to his dictation :—

"I want to tell you (he said) of the apparition of Abbé Déroulède, one of my confrères. I had known him at the Theological College. He was a man agreeable, gay, and always smiling. Formerly a painter to trade at Angoulême he was converted, became a priest, and finally became Vicar of St. Germain, near Royan.

"Some time after the Abbé's death his successor heard someone knock at his bedroom door during the night. He did not open, and hearing no more of it, thought it had possibly been his mother, who stayed with him and occupied the floor below. Next morning he asked her if she had risen during the night and had come to his door. Her reply was in the negative.

"That happened about 1910, before the war.

"Next night the same phenomenon occurred; knocks sounded on the door of the priest's bedroom, and again he thought it was his mother. But he rose, opened the door, and saw nobody! In the morning he questioned his mother; and she was astonished, for she had never stirred during the night.

"Shortly afterwards the mother was walking in the vicarage garden when she saw an ecclesiastic looking at her over the garden wall, and chuckling! She wanted to question him, but he suddenly disappeared.

"She reported this occurrence to her son, and in reply to his questions, she gave so vivid a description of the personage that the vicar immediately recognised it as that of his predecessor, Abbé Déroulède, according to his portrait. He at once procured a photograph of the deceased ecclesiastic, and showed it to his mother, who

identified it without hesitation as that of the phantom she had seen.

"Next day, or the day after, the same apparition was seen again in the garden, not far from the arbour.

"On another occasion the Vicar of St. Germain, on arriving at the Sunday School (*le catéchisme*) found the children greatly agitated. He asked them the cause of their trouble, but they seemed to be speechless. On his imperative insistence, however, the sturdiest one of them all finally replied that they were terribly frightened, and hesitatingly confided to the vicar that they had seen a priest walking to and fro near the communion table, with his hand behind his back; then all at once he disappeared.

"Now everybody who knew Abbé Déroulède remembers that he used to promenade with his hand beside his back.

"These are five observations, each quite independent of the other: (1) and (2), knocks on the door of Abbé Déroulède's successor two nights running; (3) and (4), apparitions seen in the garden by the vicar's mother; and (5), apparition seen by the Sunday-school children. Now here is a sixth :—

"The verger of St. Germain's Church had suddenly given up his post as bell-ringer after long service, and the vicar could get no explanation from him of his refusal to ring the Angelus. In consequence of the manifestations already mentioned he suspected that the verger had also been a witness of some phenomenon of the same order, so one day he asked if, by any chance, he had recently seen Abbé Déroulède? The verger in a state of great emotion confessed that that was the very reason he had refused to ring the bells, and that for no consideration whatsoever would he ever resume that duty."

This statement is signed by Abbé Germain, Canon of La Rochelle Cathedral, and Madame Flammarion adds this note :—"Such is exactly the story given by the honourable ecclesiastic, who is a man of perfect sang-froid, well-balanced, highly cultured, and elevated in heart and mind. There is no room for doubt as to his veracity or the authenticity of the facts. To imagine that six hallucinations occurred in six independent observations, which are all in accord, is a hypothesis ridiculous and untenable."

Armistice Sunday at the Albert Hall.

THE SPIRITUALIST SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE.

ABOUT eight thousand persons attended the Spiritualists' annual Service of Remembrance in the Albert Hall, London, on Sunday, November 14. They travelled from all parts of Greater London on a bracing autumn morning, with the sun shining brightly, and the falling leaves flying about in a brisk wind.

The service was as impressive and dignified as ever, though the poignant sorrow of the earlier celebrations was naturally less in evidence. The two intense moments when the emotion of the vast assembly was most visibly expressed was during the two minutes' silence at eleven o'clock, when a great hush marked this reverent tribute of affection and admiration to the husbands, sons, and sweethearts, who had given their lives in their country's cause, and when, in answer to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's call, all who could testify to the fact that they had been in communication with their so-called dead, rose *en masse*, some thousands of them.

MR. GEORGE CRAZE, President of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association, ably presided over the proceedings, and Captain Dimmick accompanied the hymns and played some beautiful voluntaries on the great organ.

The following is a resumé of the impressive addresses delivered:—

MISS ESTELLE W. STEAD said:—I would give you a message. Follow it as I give it with your love and sympathy. See a misty veil before you, around you, above you; showing through it are hands, reaching out, towards you. Mothers, your sons are there; wives, your husbands are there; sweethearts, your loved ones are there. See how the veil grows thinner as you respond to them, as your love mingles with theirs. Now comes the message:—"This is the day of awakening, and it is the response of the woman that is leading the way to the greater life, and where she leads the manhood of the nation will follow." Just as the bud bursts into flower and the flower to fruit, so shall this great and glorious truth of everlasting life come into full flower and fruition before many years have passed. Take courage, go on, join the ever-growing band of God's messengers to earth. This great truth which has lived throughout the ages can no longer be ignored or stamped out by adverse criticism. As one torch-bearer falls so more spring into the ranks to carry on the fight till the race is won.

THE REV. G. VALE OWEN said:—One afternoon last week I was sitting in a circle in my own home when a spirit-communicator told me there was a large number of soldiers present who had fallen in the war. They wished to give me a message and their message was that they wish you to know it was all worth while, for they now know the real values of things, and the meaning of love and sacrifice. They brought flowers with them, mostly poppies, and in the centre were the mottoes, "Peace on earth; goodwill to men," and "Love and Sacrifice." They say that when there is peace on earth and goodwill among men they will be satisfied, but it must be goodwill to all men, with no room for hatred, enmity, or for any bad feeling whatever. But there is one thing lacking, they say. Their great captains and leaders who are still on earth lay their wreaths upon the memorials and honour those who fell, and they care for those still on earth who suffered in the fight. But they do not come forward and link up their forces in comradeship, in the work their former soldiers are now engaged in. They fear public opinion, and the opinion of their friends. Instead of being leaders in the great spiritual campaign for the world's redemption they do not come out, not yet, but perhaps they will take courage soon. For their own sakes they should understand and take courage before it is too late.

MR. ERNEST HUNT said:—It is inevitable on such an occasion as this, when our thoughts go out on the wings of memory, that there is some tinge of sadness, but that is outweighed a thousandfold by the knowledge we have that those who have gone are still living, still with us, after they have fought the good fight, and when death has no more dominion over them. They laid down their lives in the great conflict between the outer world of matter and the inner kingdom of spirit, and the first thing they would have us remember is that they fought for the supremacy of the good, that it might become part of our civilisation, and frustrate the evil designs of men. It is for this supremacy of spirit that they would have us live. There is an eternal fight between the lower and the higher which must be engaged in by every man that comes into the world, until he has crucified

within him the selfishness and lower passions of humanity, and risen out of the tomb of his material being into the resurrection of the Spirit. It is for us to end strife by establishing brotherhood in our country and in the present world. We do not fight alone, for the hosts of the invisible world are with us. The next world is not far away; it is here. We are living in that next world now by virtue of the simple fact that we are already spirits. We go to it nightly in our sleep, it is all around us, ever inspiring us to unselfish endeavour and high aspiration. The full realisation of that fact will make England a nation that will by its light lead the nations of the world into lasting peace.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said:—My friends, we are here to-day to honour the dead. Time was when it was only our dead soldiers of whom we thought. But the years flow on, and in the time that intervenes there have been many more who have left us, and who are dear to our hearts. And with every year that passes this will be more marked, and so I think this day dedicated to our dead will widen out in its meaning until it becomes the commemoration day of all whom we have loved and from whom we are parted for a little time. When our spiritual revelation has become fully known and accepted, it may become the great trysting day when the two planes of life shall meet together in holy and intimate communion. But it is still to our soldiers that our first thought is due. Many other churches join with ours in honouring them to-day, and most of these churches, owing largely to our influence, have tacitly abandoned the grotesque idea that those vivid vibrant souls are lying in suspended animation, waiting for some far-distant judgment. They know, as we know, that they are still alive and near us. Our evidence and knowledge have percolated down to them, and often the message from the orthodox pulpit is practically the same message as was once given to an unbelieving world from our spirit controls, but these churches who share our belief do not share our personal experience. Of course, there are thousands and tens of thousands of our people who only believe because they trust the testimony of others. We cannot all get personal proofs, for there are not enough mediums to go round, but a good proportion of us have had personal proof either by actually seeing the so-called dead, by hearing their voices, or by receiving messages from them which put their presence beyond all question. I have had this privilege, a privilege which changes the whole aspect of one's life. I have had it many times. There are many on this platform who have had it, and many also in this great assembly. I would ask all those who are sure that they have been in touch with their dead to rise and to testify. (About four or five thousand members of the audience instantly rose to their feet.) We may thank God that so many have known the truth. I will prophesy, and say that within five years when we meet again in this great hall everyone will be ready to rise in response to such a challenge. It is useless for critics to say, as was said on a previous occasion, that any body of men would rise to testify to their faith. But we do not rise merely to testify to faith, but to fact. Our evidence is as positive as it is solemn and deliberate. We are sane, truthful, God-fearing men and women, and here in mid-London we testify that we are in touch with those who have passed on. Surely that must carry conviction. And if it be true of any occasion surely it must be true of this occasion, which is of the nature of an annual tryst between the dead and the living. They are most surely here, the intimate intuition of love tell us that they are near, those of us who are clairvoyants can see them. Therefore it is to their real selves that we now extend our hands, and our greetings; they are not changed nor remote, but are just the same dear boys that they always were. We want to assure them that we are aware of them, and do not regard them as parted from us, and that we are as mindful as ever of the great price they paid for us and the debt we owe them. They fought for the cause of righteousness, and will surely look down on us with sympathy and understanding, for we are fighting too. For four terrible years they broke themselves against an iron line, but they pierced it at last. We for seventy-eight years have tried to break an iron mental line. We have stormed across the No-man's land of mental inertia, and have been held back by the barbed wire, the rusty barbed wire, of religious prejudice; the machine-gun chatter of ignorance, the cemented strong-points of dogmatic science, with its line of heavy guns, scientific and ecclesiastical, booming in the rear. But we are winning ground all the time. We pray for your aid, enfranchised ones; we pray for your help that we, like you, may also leave victory behind us!

MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART said:—Friends, it is eight years since that first great Armistice Day! Shall we ever forget the moment when we heard that those terrible years of bloodshed and agony were past? In that moment of indescribable relief what were our first thoughts? Were they not that we who were left behind to enjoy the peace must make effective the sacrifice of those who would return no more? The lives of ten million sons of men were sacrificed to shake the world out of its apathy into the realisation of the life beyond, and unless that is accomplished the sacrifice will have been made in vain. We are told that our fallen heroes are here in our midst. What can we tell them of what we have done in the past eight years? Cenotaphs and tombs and faded flowers may be fit enough memorial for those who are dead, but are they adequate for living spirits? War is the outcome of Materialism and the only real counterblast to Materialism is Spiritualism, for it teaches us that spiritual things are better far than material things, and are more worth living for. Therefore, surely, the best, the finest monument we can raise to the memory of our so-called dead is the establishing of Spiritualism in the lives and hearts of men. Every effort made to this end is a stone laid in an abiding monument being reared on the earth and in the heavens. Mrs. Stobart concluded by stating that the League of Nations had now recognised the eternal authority of the spirit-world as an ethical and religious conception in uniting the nations of the world, and counselled that Spiritualists should make their voices heard and their influence felt in the spiritual activities of the League.

MR. ERNEST W. OATEN said: My dear friends, there is a gigantic task before those of us who call ourselves Spiritualists. It is not enough to induce the world to accept our contention that there is a spirit-world, and

that "millions of spirits walk the earth unseen both when we sleep and when we wake." The world has been satisfied too long with articles of faith. We want something more than that; we want an intensive personal realisation on the part of every man and woman who dares to say they are alive that they possess the consciousness within themselves of the spirit-presences at their elbow. I shall be very sorry if Spiritualism should see the day when men and women go to their Spiritualist churches merely to get in contact with their spirit friends. If we only get there we should defeat our purpose and keep those wonderful hosts at arm's length for six days out of seven. What I am anxious to see is the time when every home should possess its sacred altar for spiritual communion around its own fireside, where the priest and the teacher should be members of the family and part of the congregation, and where the message which should be taught should not be an ancient and hoary one, but the living moving ever-present word from the spirit-world. That has been my guide and star for over thirty years. I obtain my teachings day by day from the spirit-people, and they have been sufficient to carry me through, every hour of every day. From every home where there is a lad missing there is a lad who returns. If you could only see and hear the disappointment of those who return and get no response you would know what the depths of disappointment mean. They find they have to break through another Hindenburg line of our own density. Our spiritual shells are too thick to feel the love touch of the angel world. Lads, you have done much for us; we thank you; you are still part of us; we are still part of you; we are comrades in peace as in war; you have fought for ideal peace on earth, and we pledge ourselves to help you to attain it!

Doctor Peebles Manifests by the Direct Voice.

By R. H. SAUNDERS.

FROM what I have read and heard I believe Dr. J. M. Peebles was one of the most revered figures in the whole Spiritualist movement. He was in it from its earliest beginnings, and travelled five times round the world spreading its light and truth among many nations. His fervour, eloquence, and love of humanity are still spoken of by those who had the pleasure of hearing him preach and lecture. He lived to be nearly one hundred years old. I never knew the Doctor, nor can I recall ever having seen him but, as the following record of a seance I recently attended shows, the Doctor had both seen and remembered me.

I was sitting this month with two friends at a Direct Voice seance with Mr. A. J. Maskell, where the manifesting spirits had been those of our own people only, when a grave and very deliberate voice broke in; it was full and deep and so measured in its utterance that I had no difficulty in recording every word. This is what it said:—

"It was when the disciples had met together, and they were of one mind, one accord, and formed a sweetly harmonious circle—it was then the Master made known His presence by the Materialised Form and the Direct Voice. If only to-day the people on earth could meet together in like manner, the same law that made it possible for Jesus of Nazareth to manifest His presence, would operate just as freely, for the laws of God are unchangeable. It is because man fails to provide the right mental and spiritual conditions that we who are spirits appear to fail. We desire to teach the earth the truth about the essential conditions necessary for communion; let them only obey the laws, and we shall not fail to bring them conviction; ah! and more, knowledge of the eternal verities. From one who spent close upon one hundred years on earth—and a happy century it proved to him!—he sends you love and greetings."

A sitter said, "Who is speaking, please?" and I instantly thought of a spirit whom Mr. John Lewis had known, and who had spoken to him in my presence at a sitting some years ago, but whose name I could not remember. So I said, "I believe I know who you are, friend."

"Yes," said the spirit, "I am the one of whom you are thinking; I am Dr. J. M. Peebles."

"I thought so," I said. "I once heard you make a promise to Mr. John Lewis through another medium."

"Bless him," said the Doctor heartily, "I did, I did; I remember the occasion well; it was where a dim red light was burning."

"That is some years ago," I observed.

"Probably," said the Doctor, "but years do not form our standard of time here. I wish all prosperity to the *International Psychic Gazette*. Tell him I found things here infinitely more sublime than I had ever imagined in my wildest stretch of imagination."

"You are possibly speaking of your own sphere Doctor; what of those not destined to so good a sphere?"

"In a great degree that depends upon the mental and spiritual development of each individual."

"That I follow," I said, "but does it mean that those beauties are in all spheres, but are only realised by the varied capacity of the spirits to appreciate them?"

"Oh no, not altogether; there is condition, and there is position. Spheres differ in glory. The full beauty, the verdant green, the beautiful flowers with their exquisite fragrance, the melody of singing birds, the loveliness of the soul—some are blind to all these. I have long desired to speak to you of this, and I think our dear spirit comrades have provided me with this opportunity. I think provided is the appropriate word, and I am deeply grateful for it. I think I can also recall seeing you at the Spiritualist Alliance."

"I don't think so, Doctor, or your memory is better than mine; I don't recollect ever seeing you."

"I think I am correct. There are many people in the world who think things happen in a haphazard way, yet they are but the instruments for working out the design or pattern planned by those high in authority here, and though you and others may imagine what you do is done by yourselves, yet more often than not it is the work of someone who has been successful in influencing you in the path to be followed, and so help the purpose they have in mind, believing that it will be for the greatest good of the greatest number of those on earth."

"What is it that determines advancement in the spheres, Doctor?" I asked.

"Yourself," he replied; "When those glorious beings come down from the higher spheres they now occupy to tell us of the marvels and beauties abounding there—when they tell us that one time they were in lower spheres—when they tell us that the opportunity is ours to reach these grand and holy altitudes, then an edge is put upon our desire, and we long to progress. God bless all here; remember me to John Lewis, my old friend."

There are some striking points in this little address which should not be overlooked. You get an instance of the extraordinary ease with which spirits read the mind. I was thinking of the spirit intently, although the name would not come to me at the moment, and he sensed it. Then the memory of the Doctor is shown in his remembrance of an occurrence years old, connected with quite another medium. When the Doctor spoke the name of the *Gazette* he gave the title in full, pronouncing every syllable in a sonorous and deliberate fashion so as to give additional dignity to the name.

Psychic Happenings in Saxon Times: From Bede's Records.—Part VII.

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

ST. GILDAS, A PSYCHIC MIRACLE-WORKER.

(Continued from November.)

IT was King Arthur himself who made the first overtures of reconciliation already mentioned. He wrote to Gildas and confessed himself to have been in the wrong when he had attacked the domain of King Ken and slain the brother of Gildas. The Saint accepted the proffered hand, and agreed to return to Britain in order the better to assist the new order of chivalry to establish a restoration of the old Cymric glories.

HIS LIFE AT AVALON.

For this task he took up a residence at Avalon, near Glastonbury. Here at first a small monastery only was erected. It was not till later, after his death, that the Abbey was founded. He was a middle-aged man by this time, and vigorously engaged himself not only in teaching and healing, but in statecraft and administration as well.

His first endeavour was to reform the semi-barbarous chieftains and their courts and castles from their savagery and sensuality. His powerful, simple, yet fearless personality, aided by his miraculous reputation, soon brought a marvellous success in this difficult and dangerous enterprise. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the revival of civilisation that blessed this period was due to this great Prophet of the Lord, Gildas the Wise Man, as he was called, as much as it was to the romantic Arthur himself.

BLUEBEARD AND THE PRINCESS.

As an illustration of his work in this field our biographer gives us a long story of how Gildas reformed a mad Bluebeard of a knight who lived in a neighbouring castle. It reads like a fairy tale of romance, yet strange things were true in those days. This wild despot had murdered wife after wife, as soon as he grew tired of one and wished for another alliance. It happened at last he fell in love with the princess of the domain in Somerset which Gildas was helping to administer. She refused to marry her suitor unless the saint would promise to protect her. The Prince, her father, sent for Gildas to come to court. Obtaining from the wild knight a promise of reform Gildas consented to bless the union. All went well and happily for a few years, and then the knight's old madness suddenly returned. The bride fled away by night to seek the retreat of Gildas in the forest. She was afraid for her life. But before she could reach that asylum her mad lord overtook her and left her for slain on the roadside. A message reached Gildas the next morning; he proceeded to the spot, prayed earnestly over her body, and succeeded in restoring her to life, when he sent her to the protection of a convent he had founded. There she became the abbess, and the wild knight, recovering his senses, became a great reformer of his district. It must be remembered in considering these times that it was not till the end of this sixth century that the Christianity that Gildas and Arthur were endeavouring to rekindle in the west received any assistance from Rome. Pope Gregory's Augustine Mission did not land in Kent until A.D. 597.

GILDAS AND GUINEVERE.

Another romantic story is given of Gildas as statesman. It happened towards the end of King Arthur's life. Queen Guinevere, infatuated by charms of evil magic, had deserted her court, and was wandering in her flight through a forest when she fell into the hands of the bandit Lord of Wells in Somerset, who seized her and kept her in his castle for ransom. Prince Arthur advanced with a force from Tintagel, and appealed to Gildas to intervene. Gildas journeyed alone to the castle and bearded the freebooter in his den. By power of will and persuasion he won Meluas back to true knightly conduct. Guinevere was surrendered to Gildas, who took her away and placed her in his convent, and so peace was made without bloodshed.

HIS LATTER DAYS AND BURIAL.

In the end of his days Gildas is said to have written a full history of Prince Arthur and his chivalry, but the work has perished in the wholesale ruin and destruction which Siluria suffered under its succession of oppressors—Saxon, Norman, and ecclesiastical.

His old love for the life of a hermit came back to Gildas in his old age. He made a retreat for himself on an island off the coast, probably Lundy Island, and the story goes that even the pirates who infested it respected his simple-hearted sanctity, and came to him for conversion.

Our biographer relates in close detail the story of the saint's end. One night when the old man had retired to rest in his monastic cell there appeared beside his couch an angelic spirit who addressed him thus: "Hear me, thou intimate friend of our community; in heaven God the Father has heard your petition. Eight days from now you will be liberated from the bonds of the flesh, and your eyes will behold the face you have longed for so long, that of your beloved Lord and Master." Next morning Gildas called his brethren and told them. On the eighth evening he took the holy viaticum, and thus addressed his assembled flock: "I am warned of the Spirit that after my departure there will be bitter quarrelling, between my beloved disciples of Ruys and of Avalon, as to which of the twain should have my relics. To prevent this ill feeling or jealousy my celestial helpers bid me tell you that they themselves, knowing somewhat of the dispensations of God's Providence in the coming days, will direct the disposal of my last resting-place, and for this end you are to embalm and lay out my remains in state on a state barge, and then push it out to sea and leave it unattended to drift away at their direction and will. The Lord will guide."

The story goes on that after the barge had drifted away, and been lost in the distance and shadows of darkness, some Cornish fisherfolk, thinking to discover it in the morning light and secure it for their district, hurried to the spot at dawn, but there came on a thick heavy sea fog, which hid everything from sight, and lasted several days, and the boat was discovered nowhere, but was thought to have drifted out to sea and been lost.

Three months went by. The brothers in the monastery of Ruys came over to Avalon to consult what should be done to honour their departed leader. One night they were sitting in their own conclave when a vision was shown to a clairvoyant monk of the party, of a certain cove where he saw the boat stranded with its freight. From his description the cove was recognised as that of Eroest on the coast. They wended their way there and found the lost treasure. Their claim to take it away for burial at Ruys was allowed them, for evidently it was the Lord's direction. That the other world knew what was safest was soon manifest, for the district of Avalon was shortly after overrun with new invasions of heathen hordes, and the revived sovereignty of British rule was crushed. The monastery at Avalon was pillaged and burnt.

HIS SHRINE AT GLASTONBURY.

The monk goes on to relate how the glory of Glastonbury was restored some half century later, when the Saxons themselves became Christianised. A monk called Felix, celebrated as an architect and restorer of abbeys, was sent by a rich prince to restore the monastery at Glastonbury. As Ruys at this time was itself suffering from raids of barbarism, some arrangement must have been come to for the body of St. Gildas to be sent over for safety to this abode at Glastonbury. For the writer goes on to describe how a regular saint's day in mid-May was appointed for the saint's celebration, and how his shrine at Glastonbury became an annual resort for pilgrims from all parts where British folk still held their own—in Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Brittany. Many miracles of healing at the shrine took place. It became as celebrated as Lourdes is in the present day.

THE CURE OF FELIX.

The writer, as an inmate of this monastery, describes in particular the wonderful cure of Felix himself, when in his later age he had become its abbot. He had been confined to his bed for a long time by a grievous attack of pleurisy. His life was despaired of by his physician. As he lay one night deeply depressed and in pain, there appeared an apparition, standing in a bright halo by his bedside, addressing him kindly and inquiring to be shown where the pain was felt. "Who may you be?" asked Felix. "I am Paul, the Bishop, the fellow and school-friend of Gildas," replied the spirit. Felix pointed to his side. The spirit manipulated for some while, and finally drew out a putrefied rib-bone and showed it in the glimmer of the rush light. "There," he said, "it will hurt you no more." Whereon he flung it away and

vanished, leaving the room with an aroma of sweet savour, which pervaded the chamber the rest of the night. The next morning Felix found himself completely restored, and went forth with all his monks in procession to the chapel, singing Te Deums, and clashing cymbals in thanksgiving.

POLTERGEIST DISTURBANCES.

Other miraculous cures are recounted in detail, but I must pass on to give my space to the record, given by the writer, of a most interesting case of what we now call a poltergeist incident, which happened here in the time of this Felix, as abbot. Our monastic scribe calls it "a visit of an emissary of the Adversary." I quote his words: "For this old enemy, seeing these servants of God were succeeding by patient cultivation in driving out the wild and the savage from the district, determined to foil them, and drive them away by scaring them with phantoms and nightly terrors. One night some youthful monks were gathered in a circle round a table, occasionally fortifying their hearts by singing psalms and hymns, when suddenly they noticed in the dim light shed by their one small candle a sportive imp darting his hand between two of the lads called Ratfred and Mangise, first holding it out to one or other and then snatching it away. A third lad Rannulf noticed that both hand and arm were dark and scaly with warts. The boys were all thrown into a state of wild fright. Then the candle went out. They shouted to the old man Jonethen, who was in attendance outside, and told him what they were seeing. He called back to them, 'Make the sign of the Cross, my lads, and sing a psalm and the imp will vanish.' They followed this advice, but for all that the mischievous demon only laughed with derisive mockery, and went all about the room, knocking and making riot, and finally toppled over a great heap of building-stones close outside the window, which came down with a great clatter. Then it passed into the refectory, and upset the pans and crockery lying about in the scullery, and went on with this racket the whole of the night, moving things about and changing their places and keeping all the inmates awake with fright. Finally, in the morning light, they discovered amid the medley of confusion that a great flagon, which had been left by the steward on the refectory table, full of wine, was completely drained and empty, and yet there was no vestige of any of the liquor having been spilled on the floor. It so happened Father Felix, the abbot, was away that night. When on his return the next day he had been informed of the rough manifestations of the previous night, he blessed some holy water and added a pinch of salt, and then calling a procession he made a circuit of the whole building, sprinkling each room and chanting prayers. From that day, thanks to God's grace, their abode was delivered from the evil demons and remained undisturbed."

A MIRACULOUS CURE.

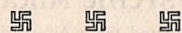
Another story is given of how a poor bed-ridden man was brought at his own request by his friends to be left beside the saint's shrine, while the monks recited their vespers. The man was seen to fall into a deep trance and stiffen like a corpse. His pulse stopped. They endeavoured to take him outside, thinking him a dead man, but the press of the crowded congregation was too strong. Patiently they waited three hours, as the man still breathed faintly. Then one of the monks, Junior by name, was moved by the spirit to take his staff in hand, approach the bedside, and make with it the sign of the Cross. Suddenly, forthwith, the entranced paralysed man arose to the astonishment of all assembled and, restored to strength, exclaimed, "Did you not see our Saint Gildas himself standing on yon stone pediment, and raising me up with his hand?"

GINGURIAN, THE BEEKEEPER.

Omitting some other stories of miracles at the shrine I will conclude with the details of the interesting demise of a psychically-gifted brother called Gingurian, the beekeeper of the monastery. He had received a warning from a spirit that complete paralysis was about to overtake him. He came to the Father Abbot, relinquished his tools, and prayed that a substitute be appointed, and at the following service of matins fell down paralysed. For a year he remained in this afflicted state, but one morning he called Rival, the monk in attendance. "Go brother," he said, "tell all the congregation to render thanks to the Lord God; for let them know for a certainty that during their night-vigils our home has been blessed by a visitor sent by the Holy Archangel Michael himself, taking the shape and appearance of a most beautiful child, which appeared to me in a dazzling cloud, bidding me fear not but prepare for departure at the hour of vespers the following day." At that same hour, with

his sorrowing brothers praying around him, he breathed his last, just as had been predicted. This was on the fourth day before the Kalends.

This last detail shows how precisely informed the writer was and how the Latin method of dating time was then still in vogue. Hence we gather that this account of Gildas must certainly have been written before Gregorian times.



BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.

THE BARD'S POEM FROM THE OTHER WORLD.

THE circumstances of the production of the following lines are these:—Mrs. Frances O. Hyzer, of Montpelier, Vt., U.S.A., was sometimes influenced to write both poetry and prose purporting to emanate from unseen inspirers. She had one day been reading some of these productions to a lady visitor, who asked her if Robert Burns (the lady's favourite poet) had ever communicated to her. She replied that she had never been conscious of his presence, nor was she familiar with his writings. The lady remarked that she hoped he would some time make known his presence, and answer a question she had in her mind, which question she did not express. A few days subsequently, Mrs. Hyzer felt impelled by spirit influence to pen the following, which on being shown to the lady, was found to be an appropriate reply to the query she had in her mind:

Fair lady, that I come to you
A stranger-bard, fu' weel I ken,
For ye've known naught of me, save through
The lays I've poured through Scotia's glen:
But when I speak o' gliding Ayr,
O' hawthorn shades and fragrant ferns,
O' Don, and Highland Mary fair,
Mayhap ye'll think o' Robert Burns.

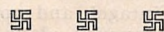
I am the lad—and why I'm here,
I heard the gude dame when she said
She'd know, in joyous spirit-spheres,
If Burns was wi' his Mary wed.
I sought to tell her o' our joy—
No muckle impress could I make—
And lady I have flown to see
If ye'd my message to her take.

Tell her that when I passed from earth,
My angel-lassie crown'd wi' flowers
Met me wi' glowing love-lit torch,
And led me to the nuptial bowers;
That all we'd dreamed o' wedded bliss,
And more, was meted to us there—
And sweeter was my dearie's kiss
Than on the flow'ry banks o' Ayr.

Where love's celestial fountains play'd,
And rose-buds burst and seraphs sang,
And myrtle twin'd, our couch to shade,
I clasped the love I'd mourn'd sae lang,
And while by angel-harps were played
The bonnie "bridal serenade,"
Though na gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed.

There's na destroying death-frost here
To nip the Hope-buds ere they bloom—
The "bridal tour" is through the spheres—
Eternity the "honey moon."
And now, my lady, if ye'll bear
These words unto the anxious dame,
I think I can ye so reward,
Ye'll ne'er be sorry that I came.

—Harbinger of Light.



It is not so much what can I make out of life, but what can I contribute, that shall produce the service needed from me to build the world we want to live in. We need to learn before we can teach. In all humility our ignorance will keep us quiet and passive until we have some knowledge to impart. Then will come the desire for service. There is no greater charm than to gain the love of those who do not know, by imparting the knowledge we possess in an understanding way, so that the simplest mind may see the truth and love of what we say and do.—G. F. Knott, in the *Lyceum Banner*.

The Ministry of Love.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"The only service that power cannot command and money cannot buy."—Prescott.

HOW often one hears the remark of the materialist, "I wonder why I am here? What is the purpose of life?" Jesus solved the problem in the following striking words, "I am among you as one who serves." Was He not a living, loving example of the truth of that assertion when He washed His disciples' feet, healed the sick, fed the hungry, and opened the eyes of the blind? He realised to the full the power of ministration, the law of social union.

Salvation is not merely a self-saving process, a personal assurance and gratification; it is a strenuous effort to lift humanity to the glorious light and knowledge of son-ship, to the freedom that is the heritage of all God's children. The king on his throne, the beggar on the dunghill, and the prodigal afar off, are all fitting subjects for salvation, for God is no respecter of persons. Only righteousness can exalt the nations.

He who yearns to be an inmate of the King's palace

must first descend into the hells of selfishness, arrogance, and vice, where imprisoned spirits cry aloud for sympathy and emancipation. Until God's justice prevails, and men learn to love light rather than darkness, there will be no *permanent peace*.

The purpose of life is sublime. It is twofold:—(1) The purging of self from bigotry, impiety, and insincerity, and (2) the gathering in of straying ones to the arms that never grow weary, to the unspeakable glory of a divine allegiance.

We are born for service, it should be accounted a privilege to be a light in the darkness, and an oasis in the desert of sin and despair. No one can accurately gauge the power of ministration, but as we strive to do the will of God, in the brotherhood of light and undying affection, even so our own "redemption draweth nigh."

"If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?"

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for your own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?

No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free."

Laying Foundation Stones in North London.

A BLACK CAT HELPS IN THE CEREMONY!

FOUR foundation stones of the first Spiritualist Temple in North London were laid on a spacious piece of ground at Rochester Square, Camden Town, on Saturday, October 30. A large company of Spiritualists and their friends assembled, and were heartily welcomed by Mrs. R. Ellis, who presided over the ceremony.

The well-known hymn, "Thou Whose Almighty Word" was sung, Mrs. Lucy Smith, of South Africa, pronounced a very beautiful invocation, the company joined in saying The Lord's Prayer, and letters of congratulation were read.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE said the last time he laid a foundation stone of a Spiritualist Church was in Brisbane, New Zealand, which showed the width of their Movement and the extent of his own travels as he followed the call of the Spirit throughout the world. At present he believed they had over 500 Spiritualist Churches in this country, and his postbag seemed to show there must be at least another 1,000 on the way! The idea seemed to be to first build a church, and then to find the money to pay for it! The promoters threw themselves unreservedly on Providence, and their faith seemed to answer. He had heard of workmen even mortgaging their own houses to get money to build their Spiritualist temple. He believed, however, the real core and centre of all Spiritualist work was not the temple but the home, the back-parlour with its family circle, and its father and mother as priest and priestess, where they had not merely 52 Sundays in the year but 365, for every day brought them into contact with spiritual forces and was a holy day. Many of their churches were small, but it was better to have a little one packed with people than a big one half full. He had just heard of a Spiritualist Church in Wales being prosecuted for overcrowding! He had never heard of such a charge being brought against a parish church! At one church he had visited last week many Spiritualists themselves seldom got inside, though they had paid for it; for they unselfishly made room for the crowds of inquirers still seeking the good tidings of love. He prayed that this new temple might be a real centre of Light and bring comfort to all who attended it. Comfort was what the world greatly needed, for among rich and poor alike people were sad-hearted, and he could not wish happiness for himself while so many people were still miserable. Spiritualists were full of comfort, for already they saw the light from the Beyond, and knew there was a calm harbour waiting at the end of their stormy voyage. (Applause.)

Sir Arthur now laid the first foundation stone of the Temple, and as he was declaring it well and truly laid a curious incident happened. A spotless black cat had come out of the street and threaded its way through the crowded feet until it stood alone in the little space before the stone. Sir Arthur, quick to perceive a good omen, smiled a sign to Madame Bishop Anderson to hand

"Puss" up, and he thereupon laid it on the stone with a bunch of white heather Madame happened to have brought with her. The cat lay calmly outstretched for a moment, then jumping down it walked quietly away, as if conscious that its prophetic duty was done!

Three other stones were then laid by Mr. Hannen Swaffer, who has taken a deep personal interest in the Kentish Town Church; by Mr. Ernest W. Beard, who has rendered yeoman service in carrying through the necessary financial operations; and by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ellis, who, under spirit-guidance, have been the heart and soul of the movement for raising this temple in North London, since the moment when such an idea seemed an idle and fantastic dream. They all made happy appropriate speeches, which the assembled people punctuated with hearty applause.

This event was filmed by the Topical Budget Co., who subsequently showed the moving picture in many cinemas throughout the country.



"FAIRIES I HAVE SEEN."

MR. TOM CHARMAN, the well-known Nature-lover, lectured on this subject to the British College of Psychic Science on November 10, when he described his researches in the New Forest for material evidences of the existence of fairies in the long ago.

The lecturer said that during the past twenty-five years he had seen every kind of fairy and many phases of their frolicsome and picturesque group-life. He has made many paintings of them as he sees them—dancing, floating, boating, and dwelling in the nooks and crannies of old trees or among heather and bracken. As he loves them he has been privileged to associate with them on most familiar terms. Several of his pictures show some of them clinging to trees bent by the force of the storm, and others in boats that are tempest-tossed. He suggests that fairies are nature spirits which have evolved from the simplest forms of primitive life, and claims that they have high intelligence, particularly on the artistic side, as is shown by the amazing minute pictures they had impressed on stones he had discovered in the Forest and now exhibited for the first time.

Quite a sensation was caused when Mr. Charman handed round a selection of his treasured finds, which included flints and stones, with beautiful clearly-defined pictures absolutely untouched by any human hand, excepting that a black background had been painted around them to make them stand clearly out.

Dr. John Lamond, at the conclusion, said he was absolutely astounded by this revelation of the reality of fairy life and work; he had never previously seen anything like it, and had never dreamt it existed. Another speaker said his two daughters were gifted with the power of seeing fairies, and often described them to him.

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Medium-Baiting.

DID HAROLD EVANS CHEAT?

WE freely confess that when we hear or read of a medium being "caught cheating"—even, though we are not acquainted with the person concerned—our first thought is that we should like to hear *his* version of what has happened.

And that for two reasons: First, that in our experience mediums as a class *don't cheat*; should that statement seem extravagant, it merely repeats the testimony of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the great scientist, after his twenty-five years of experimenting with mediums of every sort in this country and in America. And, second, that medium-baiters have shown they have a code of honour apart, which most people would be ashamed to countenance. Should that also seem extravagant, we need only recall the frank avowal, which is on record, of Mr. William Marriott, the conjurer, who has had no little experience in medium-baiting, that "he would feel perfectly justified in stuffing muslin into a medium's pocket during a seance so that he (the medium) might be caught cheating!"

That avowal throws a luminous searchlight on the medium-baiters' psychology, and should never be forgotten. Their principle of cheating themselves in order that some perfectly innocent medium may be held up to public approbrium as a cheat, was well illustrated in the sensational "exposures" of William Hope of the Crewe Circle and of Mrs. Deane, the psychic photographer, which are still within most people's recollection.

In the first case Hope was accused of cheating, and mercilessly lampooned in a pamphlet scattered world-wide by Messrs. Dingwall, Price, and other research-officers of the Society for Psychical Research, but eventually it was clearly established by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who wrote a book on the subject with true Sherlock Holmes acumen, that the cheating attributed to Hope by these medium-baiters had been performed by themselves! M. Pascal Forthuny, of Paris, wrote a lively brochure on the case for Continental enlightenment, with the following vivid title:—"Victory for Psychic Photography! The Romantic and Glorious Adventure of Medium William Hope (of Crewe, England), Accused of being an Impostor, Trailed through the Mud for a Year, Victim of a Dark Conspiracy, Finally Recognised as Perfectly Innocent, and an Indubitable Photographic Medium."

Mrs. Deane was similarly denounced by the *Daily Sketch* newspaper, which claimed that her spirit-photograph taken at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day was not a true psychic picture of fallen heroes assembled there at all, but was merely a collection of the portraits of living persons, mainly footballers, whose pictures they published surrounded by clouds by way of an "exposure." Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S., however, at the request of Sir A. Conan Doyle, made a minute examination of the portraits in the Deane photograph and the *Sketch* counterfeit, and certified that in no case were the portraits identical! So in that case too the bubble was burst and the medium fully vindicated!

With such cases in mind, and after receipt of Mr. Titterton's report, printed on pages 41 and 42, of a seance with Mr. Harold Evans after his alleged "exposure," we invited the medium to come and give us his own version of what had happened. This he was very willing to do, and we publish his story as an act of justice and fair play to a medium who has perchance been too hastily condemned, unheard, because of the cunningly-disguised anti-Spiritualist stunt by a Sunday newspaper which issues from the same office as the *Daily Sketch*.

So that our readers may have before them the precise terms of the accusation, we here give the *ipsissima verba* of the *Chronicle* report, phrase by phrase, with some annotations that may be helpful:—

"At the pre-arranged signal"

(Evidence of careful preparation for what was about to happen.)

"a member of the committee rose to his feet and moved towards the figure,"

(Why? if not for the purpose of swathing him in a sheet brought for the purpose? That at least is possible, and there is no other

explanation given for this little preliminary spurt by an unnamed member of the committee!)

"torches flashed out,"

(A cruel thing, especially in the presence of medical men, who knew the possible effects of shock to a person in trance. It was thus that the famous medium Cecil Husk lost his sight).

"the electric light was switched on,"

(Another thing which should certainly not have been done.)

"and the great Evans myth was over."

(We are not so sure, for the truth has a way of asserting itself. In our three conversations with Mr. Evans since the so-called "exposure"—we had never seen him before—he has impressed us as a perfectly straightforward young man, who would not be likely to cheat, and the successful seance under stringent test conditions at Chiswick since cannot be lightly put aside. Mr. Evans' own words to us were—"Is it likely that I would throw up my work at Devonport Dockyard and come to London as a medium, with my wife and five young children, if I knew myself to be nothing but a cheat and a fraud?")

Here then is

THE MEDIUM'S OWN STORY.

In July, 1925, I visited London for the first time for the purpose of giving a seance, and then called upon Miss Estelle W. Stead on the recommendation of a friend who knew she was on the lookout for mediums for the Stead Bureau. She received me kindly, and we talked matters over. In September definite arrangements were made for me to come to London in the following April, to give "private" and "circle" sittings at the Bureau. I was informed that the late Mr. W. T. Stead was taking a great interest in my coming, and had told Miss Stead through various mediums that I was perfectly genuine. I came on April 7, and have since been giving seances at the Bureau and elsewhere, and can produce many letters from sitters expressing the highest satisfaction.

On October 28, the night of my so-called "exposure," I arrived at the Bureau while the company was assembling in the library, and was taken to the seance room by five gentlemen whose names I did not know. They made a very careful search of me, which lasted for several minutes; then they wrote out and signed a certificate saying that I had nothing suspicious on my person. They had remarked that I had two handkerchiefs, and I told them I was suffering from a severe cold. I was allowed to keep the one I had been using, and they took the clean folded one and placed it with my watch on the top of a musical-box in the room.

I was next put into a common kitchen chair and tightly tied to it with stout ropes, the knots being covered with sealing-wax. Cotton thread was also wound round my thumbs and across the lapels of my coat, to which a bell was attached, which would ring in the event of my making any movement.

The seance began in the usual way by the sitters repeating the Lord's Prayer. The musical-box was set in action, and I fell into a trance. What happened while I was asleep I do not know, but the next thing I remember is that when I awoke I was lying on the floor beside the chair in which I had been firmly bound. I heard some commotion and requested Miss Stead to clear the room so that I might regain my full consciousness, but she did not do so. I felt dazed and suffering from shock. I did not see the flash-lights which are said to have been directed on me, and if any doctor examined me and found me "shamming" I was certainly not aware of it. The electric light was full on in the room when I awoke, and I heard one gentleman say sneeringly that it was "a very nice show!" Another said he knew about a dozen people who were making fools of themselves like me every day, and added, "A very clever show!" Another, however, remarked that he did not accuse me of any responsibility, and thought what had happened was due to auto-suggestion. I could make nothing of what they were talking about as I was still in a state of semi-stupor, and I took no part in their conversation. I found myself with my coat and shoes off, a thing that has often happened at my seances, even while still sitting bound up in the chair, so I put them on and we all walked out of the seance room into the library.

Mr. Simpson, of the *Sunday Chronicle*, then said, "Well, Mr. Evans, what explanation can you give us of what has taken place, because I shall publish this, and it is only right you should give us some explanation." I replied that I could give no explanation. He said, "But how do you account for the sheet?" I had never seen any sheet and said, "I cannot give any explanation." I said, however, that if this sort of thing (meaning the alleged discovery of a sheet and accusations of cheating) was going to take place I would give up mediumship for the rest of my days. I made no confession of any kind, and accepted their word for what they said had taken place while I was in trance. Miss Stead said to the committee, "I am sure that whatever has happened to-night that boy was not conscious of it." None of the committee made any reply to this remark, and immediately

afterwards they bid Miss Stead "Good-night," and left me with her, a gentleman, and two ladies, who were her friends.

Miss Stead then asked me if I could account for the published photograph which had been taken of me when in trance at the Bureau, which showed ectoplasm proceeding from my mouth. I said, "Surely, Miss Stead, you do not accuse me of faking that." She replied, "What *am* I to think?" She seemed perfectly friendly to me then, and even arranged for another sitting for the following Monday. She and her friends shook hands with me when I left. On the Saturday following I received a letter from her cancelling all future engagements. I wrote to her in reply, but she has not answered my letter.

I see the *Chronicle* report says that my two handkerchiefs were found knotted together in a soiled condition on the seance-room floor. I knew one had been used and was slightly soiled, but I did not know what had become of the clean one from the moment it was placed on the musical-box until I found it lying on a chair in the library after the committee left. It then did not appear to me to be soiled, and I saw no sign of its having been knotted; neither was any remark made to me about its having been found knotted.

My accusers make much of my being found outside the ropes in which they had bound me, and call it "masquerading," but even in the early days of my mediumship I was often found out of the chair during seances, and the ropes and seals were nevertheless found to be perfectly intact. The same thing apparently happened at the Stead Bureau, for when I awoke the ropes were still bound around the legs and back of the chair, and the committee made no accusation of their having been undone or the seals tampered with in any way.

I see Mr. Horace Leaf criticises me in the *Two Worlds* for not sitting under strict test conditions, but I always do sit under test conditions, and have never given a seance to clients when I was not properly bound up.

At Exeter eighteen months ago I was found out of the ropes when one of the sitters struck a light, and was similarly accused of "masquerading." But I should like my critics to tell me how any person who is merely masquerading can not only get out of the ropes and threads in which he has been bound, but back again into them, without breaking the seals? When my seances have not been interrupted I have invariably been found at the conclusion bound in the chair, with the ropes and seals just as they were at the beginning. I challenge any non-mediumistic person to perform this miracle, however expert he may be as a conjurer, without breaking some of the seals or threads.

I have now been a medium for about six years, and during all that time there have been manifestations through me of levitation, transfiguration, materialisation, direct voice, and direct writing, and never when the conditions were sympathetic has there been the slightest

doubt of their genuineness. Only on two occasions have I ever been accused, and these were at the broken-up seances at Exeter and the Stead Bureau. After the so-called "exposure" at Exeter I offered the Spiritualist Society there a series of free sittings so that they might have a further opportunity of judging my mediumship. But that offer was not accepted. I continued, however, to give sittings at Plymouth during the next twelve months, without my honesty ever once being called in question. The same applies to the seances I have been giving in London since April last.

I think it only fair to myself to say that these *Sunday Chronicle* seances were arranged by Miss Stead without my being told anything about who the sitters were to be, or the purpose for which the seances were being held. Had I known that I was going to be specially tested for publicity purposes I should have insisted on some experienced Spiritualists being present, to see that the necessary conditions were observed and fair play given.

The *Sunday Chronicle* gave quite a flattering account of their first seance, which was not interrupted by the flashing of torches, and it admitted that the seals and knots were all found intact after the various psychic manifestations they described. As for the sheet found on me, they say it was long enough to come down to my knees, and they also describe it as an "overall" with holes for my arms and head. All I can say is that I have never seen any such sheet or overall, and it was certainly not introduced into the room by me. The committee, as I have stated, thoroughly searched me and certified that I had nothing suspicious secreted about me before the seance began. Then where did that sheet, or overall, come from? I was the only person searched; none of the others was searched; and I have no hesitation in asserting that it must have been brought into the room with the torches for the express purpose of making me out to be a fraud. That sheet (or whatever it is) should be handed over to some capable independent committee so that its nature and origin may be investigated. I do not mind guessing that the *Chronicle* representatives know much more about it than they have yet revealed. In any case, I have never been permitted even to see it, and I know nothing about it.

As a result of this exposure my prospects as a medium seem utterly hopeless, but during the past few days my wife has several times received the message from my guides, "Hold fast! the cloud will pass, and brightness is coming for you soon!" This week a clairvoyant to whom I was unknown also gave me this message, "Stand firm! all will come right; and the blackness at present surrounding you will be removed." So I do not despair; I have faith both in my gifts and my guides.

I should like to add that although nearly all my engagements with Spiritualistic societies have been cancelled, I have received many letters of sympathy from previous sitters which I deeply appreciate. If anyone wishes to write to me, my address is 35 Petherton Road Highbury, London, N.

A Stringent Test Seance with Harold Evans.

By GEORGE W. TITTERINGTON,

Member of Chiswick Spiritualist Church Council.

UNDER the auspices of the Chiswick Christian Spiritualist Church a seance was held at Chiswick on Monday evening, November 8th, and conducted by Mr. Harold Evans (who was the subject of an alleged exposure in the *Sunday Chronicle* of October 31st, 1926). The council and members of this Church have always stood out for the truth, and have been very careful to discourage all phenomena and mediumship that bore any traces of suspicion.

It was at the special invitation of the Church Council that Mr. Evans was given this opportunity of proving the honesty of his mediumship. There were twenty sitters, comprising all the officials of the Church, and the remainder was made up by members. A special committee of five sitters was formed to supervise all the details and arrangements. In the presence of this committee Mr. Evans divested himself of all clothing, which was thoroughly examined and approved as being beyond suspicion. During his absence from the seance room articles which he himself had brought were carefully examined, these being a trumpet, luminous slate, musical box, skipping rope, and tambourine. Also, a male and female member of the Church carefully searched each sitter—this precaution being considered necessary in fairness to the medium. The trumpet was then placed

on the floor in the centre of the room, and all the other articles were placed on a cabinet in the recess of a bay window, which was hidden from view by a curtain. A writing-pad and two pencils were placed under the trumpet. Mr. Evans was then escorted into the seance room, where the sitters were arranged in horseshoe formation round the room.

The medium was then securely bound to the chair in the following manner. His hands were taken round the back of the chair and secured to the legs of the chair by one-inch tape wrapped round several times, criss-crossed, and finally sealed with wax. His legs were secured to the front legs of the chair with bands of adhesive paper. White linen thread was intertwined round the buttons of his coat and through each buttonhole and criss-crossed over the whole of the breast, and then taken round the back of the chair, some strands also being taken over the shoulders. This network absolutely prevented any movement of the medium without breaking the thread. A single thread was then taken from the medium's left leg and attached to a small bell which was suspended from a chandelier in the middle of the room. Two single threads were fastened to each of the medium's legs and taken right across the room to the legs of sitters on the right and left-hand side. The bindings and seals were then examined by sitters, and everyone signed a statement that Mr. Evans had been fastened to the chair in a manner that was perfectly satisfactory and above suspicion. The medium then instructed the sitters as

to the procedure best suited to achieve success in their investigation, *viz.*, the linking of hands, the creation of open minds, singing, and the adoption of a perfectly easy and natural attitude.

The lights were then extinguished, the Lord's Prayer recited, and an invocation given by the chairman. Afterwards hymns were started by various members and heartily sung by the sitters. The first happening was when the medium's chief control, "Peter," announced his presence. He was asked if the seance was being conducted in a correct manner, and he replied that it was, and advised everyone to converse or sing just as they wished. Shortly afterwards the trumpet (which had a luminous band near the base) commenced to rise in the air, and made evolutions at various heights all round the room. Then it descended to within two feet of the floor, and went the whole round of the sitters, giving several of them taps on the knee. It also encircled the head of one sitter in several speedy evolutions, and caused him to ask that it might desist.

Afterwards a very strong Scotch voice came through the trumpet while it was suspended in the centre of the circle, and on being asked who was there the voice announced that it was "Sandy." This voice entered into a conversation with several sitters, mostly with regard to the way in which the medium had been bound up, and remarking on the ingenuity of the network of threads. The voice then expressed a desire that singing should be indulged in, and especially asked for a Scotch song. When the sitters commenced with a well-known Scotch refrain the trumpet made evolutions all round the room in perfect time with the singing.

A very feeble female voice afterwards announced through the trumpet that "Topsy" was here, and wished all a good evening, but she lacked power to stay. The bell in the centre of the room was then shaken several times, and it was announced that "Heather," one of the medium's regular spirit-visitors, had arrived. Immediately the musical box commenced to float round the room, and a melody of several minutes' duration was played as the box circled round. At the end of the melody the box dropped on the knee of a sitter and from thence to the floor.

It should be stated that during these demonstrations there was an interval when the control "Peter" asked that, without breaking the chain of hands, a match should be struck. When this was done, it was however found that the medium was in exactly the same position as when the seance commenced, his coat being on the floor in the centre of the room, with all the threads intact, except those that had passed over the shoulders and been taken under the bottom of the chair. The lace-work of threads over the front of the coat were absolutely unbroken. It was also noted that the writing-pad had been used, but as the match quickly expired the seance was continued without further investigation.

Various voices were heard through the trumpet, including a very strong falsetto voice which joined in and was heard above all the singing. The luminous slate made many mysterious evolutions round the room, being tilted at all kinds of angles in its progress, and finally it rested suspended in the air on the right-hand side of the room, where in a shaft of its reflecting light an arm was seen to form, draped from the top to just below the elbow, but otherwise perfectly visible.

The control announced the presence of an old lady building up at one end of the room, and the sitter there remarked that he could feel the touch of "some object on his knees, but the form was only faintly visible and apparently lacked power to fully materialise. It was then intimated by the control that the sitting (which had extended over one hour and twenty-five minutes) must be considered as finished.

After prayer and the singing of the Doxology the lights were turned up, when it was found that the medium was still securely fixed in the chair, no threads, except those before mentioned, having been broken and all seals were intact, the medium himself being exactly as previously left.

The sitters were asked to examine everything in any way they wished, and found that the writing-pad contained messages on nine pages. When the medium became normal expressions of opinion were invited from the sitters, and these having been given, and a vote taken, the chairman expressed the thanks of the meeting for the undeniable evidence of materialisation and physical phenomena that had been produced and acknowledged by all present. Addressing the medium, he said, "We believe you (whatever the opinion of other investigators has been) to be an honest medium, and we look forward with confidence to future manifestations by your spirit friends, which will give further convincing proof of your honesty and of their ability to function to the satisfaction of strictly impartial and reasonably sympathetic investigators."

EARTHBOUND.

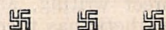
I died ; at least my earth friends *thought* me dead,
And mourned for me, and yet I had not gone
Away, but watched them weep. One loved one said :
" 'Tis cruel, he had but just begun the song
Of life, he was *so* young." It made me sad,
Because I could not make them see, nor hear
Me speak. Around me ever rang the glad
Sweet tones of angels, bidding me to cheer ;
And yet, before me rose the anguished eyes,
The quivering lips, the voice of one I love ;
I could not wing my way through azure skies
To realms of joy and perfect bliss above,
And leave them thus.

Love bound me hand and foot ; I could not leave
The earth, but stayed, and ever watched them sigh.
"He cannot see the flowers," I heard them breathe,
"The wonder of the dawn, the sunset sky ;
His eyes are closed, how cold, how calm his brow !"
Then from above I heard a voice ring loud,
"Leave them to mourn, you can do nothing now,
But in the days to come, when grief's dull cloud
Is gone, then will they feel the vanished hand,
Will sense the presence lost, will see the form
They now think passed into another land
Ne'er to return." I left behind the storm
Of anguished grief.

The sun was sinking in a tranquil sky,
As turned I from the earth. The Great Unknown
Stretched far before me, yet I felt near by
Some helpful presence ; I was not alone.

The promise of that loud voice spurred me on
To work, to strive, until my loved ones saw
Me once again, knew that I had not gone ;
Could see the flowers, hear the thundering roar
Of torrents, foaming to the sea ; the red
Of dawn. The love ties which would bind me fast
To earth, I struck aside, for waiting to be fed
Were many hungry ones. Illusions past
Must be dispelled.

JESSIE FREEMAN.



BATH SPIRITUALIST CHURCH.—The *Bath Chronicle* reports :—A Remembrance Service was held by the Bath Spiritualist Church on Sunday (November 8). The leader (Mr. Will Carlos) took as his text "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning ; Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not." He spoke of the numberless mothers and wives who between 1914 and 1918 were in the position of Rachel, and told how many were ultimately comforted by the evidence afforded by Spiritualism that their loved ones were not dead, only removed to another sphere. Quoting St. John 16, 7, he said it was expedient that our loved ones were called away so that the comforting assurance could reach us that immortality was not a myth but a glorious fact. In the meeting which followed several recognised descriptions of arisen ones were given.

INFLUENCES OF ARMISTICE DAY.—Mr. Richard Bush, President of Wimbledon Spiritualist Church, received on October 26 an interesting message on this subject from one of his Guides, who claimed among other things that the thought is then impressed upon most people that in some way the slain are still alive and conscious of the nation's thought ; that the stillness, resulting from the cessation of the world's material noises, makes the mind of the nation more responsive to the idea of immortality and possible spirit communion ; and that a host of angels whom no man can number, descend into the earth conditions on these occasions, and leave a blessing of love, light, and spirit of inquiry which is not lost, but is picked up consciously and unconsciously by many hundreds of thousands. The silence is a voice from God, and right into the midst of the silence the Christ descends and prays to the Father that His Kingdom may soon be established upon this sorely stricken earth.

The Difficulties of Mediumship.

By EVA CLARK.

MANY people express a wish to become mediums. I often wonder if they realise what mediumship means. It may seem very delightful to be able to get into touch with the spirit world, to bring helpful messages and evidential descriptions to others. It is, but that is only one side of the picture.

To begin with, the preparation for mediumship is often a period of intense difficulty, especially if the personality is to be used in public work. As development proceeds the sensitiveness of the medium is intensified tenfold. In most cases it was very evident before—for all who possess mediumistic powers are sensitive—but at this period it becomes almost agonising. Emotions of all kinds play upon the soul; forces that are unknown and therefore not understood seem to take possession of it. The psychic part of the nature is like the tightly stretched strings of a violin; it vibrates to every touch.

In addition, the preparation of a medium generally includes severe trial; sometimes before, and sometimes during the development period I have described. Health, money, position, any or all of these may be taken away, and the soul stripped of all it holds dear. Frequently it is seen afterwards that these trials are not only a test of capacity to endure, and of faith, but the only way the spirit friends could have taken to break the chains of materialism that were binding the soul. When development has proceeded further, this sensitiveness becomes more controlled and the medium learns to adopt a positive attitude to outside influences, except when he chooses to open himself to those of his spirit helpers.

When he is being used by them he must, to be of real service, be absolutely in their hands, even though he is working "normally," that is, to all appearances free from spirit control. As a matter of fact, no medium can work normally. His lectures, descriptions, and messages

come from the other side, and are all made possible through the opening of the mind to the helpers and inspirers there. This often causes audiences and even friends to misunderstand. The medium speaks and acts in a way that is not natural to him, simply because it is not he who is speaking. Mediums have been known, under the influence of circumstances and controls, to say things they did not believe to be true.

It is not always easy after a service or a circle, immediately to close the mind against outside influences. At these times the medium is apt to take on the conditions, mental and physical, of those about him. This again is likely to lead to misunderstanding. Through taking on the conditions of one who is excited and unconventional, for instance, the medium may speak and act in a way that would pain a conventionally-minded person, who would probably expect all mediums to be embryo saints!

In his private work the medium has always to remember that the law is against him as regards any foretelling of the future. The spirit people frequently give glimpses of things to come, but the medium has to hold himself in and refrain from telling these things, unless he is prepared to face the risk of prosecution and at least a heavy fine.

Mediumship is a great privilege, but it is also a great responsibility. However careful the medium is to ensure that the messages are influenced as little as possible by his own mind, the majority of people will persist in saying, "Mr. Blank told me that," when it was not Mr. Blank at all, but their own spirit-people speaking through him. The medium too has the responsibility of keeping himself always closed against the lower influences of life, so ensuring that the help given through him shall be of the highest possible order.

To those who are developing mediumistic powers the call most certainly is, "Take up the cross daily and follow Me." At the same time the promise comes, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Psychic Experiments with a Child of Four.

By EMILE ANGE LE ROUX, LIMA, PERU.

TILL I was twenty-two years old I hardly knew Spiritualism, or Theosophy, or Occultism in general, even by their names, and was not in the least inclined to poke my nose into the mysterious unknown world which these weird sciences are said to unveil! However, I did not laugh or even smile at the persons who made tables turn or professed to communicate with discarnate spirits, because I greatly respect everyone's opinion, religion, or even hobby, but I nevertheless thought that they were a bit deranged. I purposefully use such expressive words in order to give my readers an exact idea of my then opinions in regard to the psychic turn of mind of my brethren.

How have I then come to believe, if not in Spiritualism or in Theosophy, or in any theory, at least in the reality of psychic phenomena? That is what I am going to explain in the following description of a personal *bona fide* experience which I will narrate in the most simple manner, without any attempt to make readers blindly believe in my statements.

I obtained results in Belgium in 1910 which were more apparent than those I am obtaining at present, but my medium now is for me more reliable than any other in the world, because he is my own beloved son, nine years old, with whom I have been practising for five years. I lay special stress on his age, for when I first discovered his mediumship he was an innocent baby of four. Can a small boy of that age, hardly capable of keeping his spoon straight in his hand when eating, be shrewd enough to deceive his father in psychic experiments? I beg of savants and conjurers that they should answer that question as artlessly as I put it!

The fact is then that one day, five years ago, I had an inspiration to make a psychic trial with my baby. I had already seen some strange things, and had an overpowering desire to put my boy to the test, and see whether I could obtain any psychic evidences through him. I further thought it would be most astonishing if he could write! He had never yet had a pencil in his hand, and was

incapable of tracing a line. I fetched a blank sheet and a pencil, placed the sheet in front of him, and put the pencil in his hand. He looked at me utterly puzzled, and did not know what to do with these strange objects. I told him, "Keep quiet, Milito"—(Milito is the endearing name I generally use when addressing him)—"and put the point of the pencil on the sheet." He had become still, quite nonplussed by these preliminaries, not knowing what I expected from him. I watched his hand carefully, while playing with him to divert his attention. And not ten minutes had elapsed when I saw his hand shake, and the pencil began to trace lines in all directions across the paper with great alacrity.

I said to my boy, "What are you doing now? Why are you tracing those lines?"

"I am not tracing lines, father; someone is pushing my arm," he replied.

"Well, try to prevent your hand from moving."

The boy did his best to obey me, but his hand began to tremble again and to fidget with the pencil, and I saw very well that this happened against his will.

I suffered him to do this for a few minutes more and then stopped him, saying, "It is enough for to-day; we will repeat the experiment later."

The result of this first trial and of others which followed during a few weeks were not very encouraging. Still, it was strange enough to see a baby pushing a pencil against his will. These movements might have been attributed to nervousness, but to tell the truth my son is not fidgety at all and never has been.

One day, as I was almost on the point of giving up any further attempt, my boy began to write single letters very clearly and with a firm hand, as firm as mine. I was deeply absorbed in watching the manner in which he traced the letters, when suddenly the following word was written by his hand—SATANAS, all in capital letters. I was taken aback but did not lose my presence of mind, and placing one of my hands on the strange word, said, "What have you written there, Milito?"

"I don't know, father," he replied. How could he know what he had written since he had not yet even learned to read?

I then asked him, "Do you know who is Satan?"

He looked at me with interrogative eyes and I clearly saw—which, of course, I knew—that he had never heard that fantastical name.

I give my word of honour that this experiment and its result are absolutely true. The only witnesses were my son, myself, and a young lady who was almost frightened to death. My son was too young and too innocent to understand the meaning of the result obtained through him. None of us three will ever forget it. Was any psychic experiment in the world ever carried out with such innocence? It was made at four o'clock in the afternoon of a fine summer day, and I was then forty-eight years old, in full possession of my physical and intellectual powers. No hallucination or delusion was possible.

Conjurors would no doubt blame me for not having watched my four-year-old son more closely! They would object to the genuineness of the experiment because I did not first bind his hands and feet, and they might add that my child was, of course, so clever that he had learned to write without my knowledge! But such

objections do not stand to reason. The truth is plainer. Three human beings visible to each other were present, and a fourth invisible being guided the hand of my baby to make him write with a firm hand in clear capital letters the name of an entity absolutely unknown to him, and about whom neither of the other witnesses was thinking.

Should anyone suppose I am telling a fanciful tale, I beg to propose the following question: Could any father who cherishes his son mix him up in a falsehood? My son is all and everything for me in this world. I have educated him in such a way that although he is now only nine years old, he fluently speaks English and Spanish, and I have started to teach him French. He is a sweet and clever little man with a well-poised mentality and he is indeed the apple of my eye. How could I make him appear in a lie when I have taught him never to tell one himself?

Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

BY THE HAND OF WILL CARLOS.

THE TREE WORSHIPPERS (continued).

"These people were Nature's own children,
And dwellers in lands of vast space;
Their natural calling was hunting,
But not for the purpose of gain;
And tilling the soil at their leisure
They grew up a mighty race,
Yet not without warfare internal
In which very many were slain;
Their land was far over the ocean,
And now is America called,
A land quite unknown in my period
Where now is a white race installed."

THEIR BOOK OF GENESIS.

I QUESTIONED an aged man, who seemed to have authority among these people, if he could tell whence arose this tree-worship. He told me that when the earth floated as an island on the vast deep in the beginning of time, there sprang up a plant from the earth, and it grew until at last it reached unto the heavens and had become a mighty tree. And the Great Spirit who dwells above the sky sent one of his spirits to descend this tree, and bring back a report as to the earth's condition.

The spirit clambered down the great trunk until he reached the earth, and found that all around the tree flowers and shrubs and other trees were growing in abundance, and that from the fruit of the tree birds, fishes, and animals had been brought forth. The spirit clambered back again to the heavens, and asked the Great Spirit to let him return and take charge of the tree and its fruitage.

Consent was given and he returned, and spent his time examining the produce of the wonderful tree. When he had completed his research and had given names to all the vegetation and the living creatures, he began to tire, and longed for companionship. So he climbed up again and told the Great Spirit what he had done, and the Great Spirit was pleased.

Then the spirit asked that a squaw should be given him as companion. And the Great Spirit said unto him, "I will give thee what thou desirest, but on one condition. Thou must become mortal, and never again climb up to heaven until thou diest. Thou and thy squaw shall live a term of years, then shalt thou cast aside the mortal form that I shall give thee, when age shall have whitened thy locks and enfeebled thy frame." The spirit agreed to these conditions, and the Great Spirit gave to him and his squaw a body of flesh, and they went back to the earth to live there.

Then the mighty tree by which they had descended shrank up into nothingness and was no more seen. Thenceforth all the plants and birds, fishes and animals had to produce their own kind. Then the mortal spake to his squaw, "O, my beloved one, see how all things bring forth their kind, shall we not also be fruitful?" And his squaw said, "Truly, we should produce our own kind as they do." And the Great Spirit gave them also progeny, and a race of men and women began to people the earth. But no mortal could again climb up to the heavens, for no tree could be found tall enough to reach there. Thus it is that ever since men have sought for so great a tree, but none has as yet been found.

When the spirit and his squaw died their children made of their father a god, and called him Manitou. And whenever any child is born unto a squaw the Manitou descends and places a portion of his spirit in the babe, and therefore all men are the children of the Manitou.

CASEDYN PROCLAIMS THE DRUID FAITH.

Then I told this aged man of the God we love and worship, one who dwelleth shrouded in mystery, but within whose Being all beings dwell. I told him how we Druids had revered the oak as a symbol of the Deity. The aged man was glad, and called me brother; and he spake to the people and told them I was one who had descended from the heavens, a new Manitou with music.

Some there were who would fain have worshipped me but I forebade, and told them the wondrous tidings of the Land of the Blest. I told them there was no need that they should remain attached to material things or symbols, and that away up beyond the visible things were invisible worlds where peace and happiness reigned, and where the gods would impart knowledge more wonderful than all the lore of legends.

They listened well, and then the aged man, raising his voice to an exalted strain, strove by axiom and metaphor to show his people that far beyond all Nature and Nature-spirits there is One, not clothed in form, but formless as the vapour of one's breath, who is the Being Supreme.

"He used as metaphor the glowing sun,
Whose myriad rays are spread out o'er the earth,
Each ray a unit, yet not unattached
To the parental source from whence it came.
These rays from sea and lake the vapours formed,
And filled the air with spirits of the deep;
They fell on earth evolving grass and herbs
And flow'rs and fruit, and all the ripening grain,
And filled the woodland with the dryad band:
Each tree, each shrub, infused with rays divine,
Yet all are one in mystical combine."

The people heard, and soon each glowing face revealed the fact that in this simple people keen apprehension lay, concealed beneath a veil of sternness. Yet that veil was so thin that a slight effort alone was necessary to win each soul to quick discernment of the fact that Nature's symbols were all with God infused. I told them how the human mind in more advanced conditions, although unable to comprehend the Deity in full, had discovered certain qualities or attributes which they had deified, and made strong efforts to embody them as gods; how some clung to the One ideal, and others to the Many. I told them also of the gods of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and of the fearful images of the gods of the East. I encouraged them to seek for higher aspiration, higher ideals, and showed them that as the dew-drop did not contain the ocean, so could no conception of man embrace the Deity.

When I had done talking the aged man asked me for a song, and therefore on a log I came down, the centre of an eager throng, and sang as follows:—

"From out the common earth sprang
So from the mind spring ill thoughts
Sometimes kind thoughts, but rudely
And good intent, with efforts badly made
Sometimes sharp thorns produce a goodly
And tempting fruit betray a bitter taste,
We find a faithful servant in a brute,
And in the midst of verdure find a waste.

This proves to us that contrast is a law,
We must select the ripe fruit, not the raw,
Learn to eschew the bad and choose the good,
And taste the pleasures of ethereal food.

That most desired oft palleth on the taste.
Or energy spent in effort prove a waste.
Thus all things show there is no perfect good
In finite things, but only in God-hood."

(To be continued.)

The Devil Defeated by Love.

By "AMICUS," the Guide of Mr. Ernest H. Peckham.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who was a Spiritualist. His wife also was a Spiritualist. They were quiet gentle people, with kindly natures; were happy in their belief, and honest and just in all their dealings. They were animated with much missionary zeal for the cause which they loved, and in their quiet gentle way endeavoured to make the world a little better for their presence in it.

Now it so happened that on a certain occasion whilst the husband was sitting quietly reading, he heard a piercing shriek coming from his wife who was busy in an adjoining room. He hastened to her succour, and with dismay saw her prone on the floor before the malevolent form of the devil. It was the real old-fashioned devil, with horns, hoofs, and tail, and a skin as black as his own heart.

The devil turned and confronted the husband as the latter entered the room, and exclaimed, "Ha, ha, I claim you; you are mine. It is said that 'Spiritualism is of the devil.' It is. I am its author and arch-propagandist. You are co-workers with me, and are mine. I claim you."

The husband quailed for a moment, and then looking the devil fearlessly full in the face, exclaimed, "Nay, thou wicked one, thou liest. Spiritualism is of God and I am His servant and not thine."

At the mention of the Deity the devil winced. The man continued, "True, I am a sinner (the devil leered), but my guilt is not as thine, and what is more I strive,

with the help of the good God (again the fiend winced) to amend my ways. I may be a sinner, but thou art an arch-sinner and therefore worse than I. So I can defy thee, which I do; I can cow thee, which I will; and, with the strength of God to support me, I say 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"

The devil flinched, and a look of great fear passed across his fiendish face; then he immediately assumed an attitude of inferiority to the man.

The wife had now risen from the ground; her husband went to her, kissed her on the forehead and pointing to the fiend, called out in an imperious tone, "Go, and never dare to enter this house again."

Then the wife, looking up at her husband, said to him, "Dearest, do not be hard upon the poor devil; bid him return."

The husband called, "Devil, return." The fiend re-entered the room, an abject, cowering, impotent figure.

The wife went to the devil, raised his face to hers and kissed it, saying, "Poor, poor devil, we will pray to the good Lord to forgive thee, and to lead thee back to goodness."

So the two knelt one on either side of the devil, and prayed for his redemption. Thereafter the devil arose, and there was a light in his eyes that none had ever seen before as he went his way.

And the wife exclaimed to her husband, "Dearest, there is hope even for the devil! God is his Father, too, and He will never be happy whilst the devil is a wanderer from the fold."

And the moral, of course, is that *Good is ever mightier than evil.*

Miscellaneous Items.

ARMISTICE DAY AT PETERBOROUGH.—After the solemn silence before the main entrance of the Cathedral on November 11, the Spiritualists held a meeting at their rooms, when Mr. Sydney Bartlett gave an address on "Where are the World's Great Heroes?" He claimed that they were now seeking vehicles in the present generation to carry on their noble thought and spirit for the progress of our age. Mrs. Key gave an appropriate solo, and Mrs. Bartlett (formerly Mrs. Malpress) gave clairvoyance, describing some of the fallen heroes of the war to their friends present. Mrs. Brown presided.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S DREAD OF EXTINCTION.—Huxley's later views on life after death are found in a letter which he wrote to John Morley towards the end of his life. He said:—"It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal, at any rate in one of the upper circles where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?"

THE SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY held a bazaar in aid of their funds at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on November 16. The Viscountess Grey of Falldon, supported by Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle, opened the bazaar. Sir Arthur in introducing the Viscountess said she had been very brave when Spiritualism was not so popular as now, and had held Spiritualist meetings in her drawing-room during the war, which attracted many fashionable people. She had continually helped the movement since then. Her own book on the subject was an excellent piece of evidence concisely stated, and from the religious point of view could not have been better done. Lady Grey said Spiritualists were perhaps too prone to be content with a knowledge merely of the psychic world, and to raise—almost to deify—its nature. It was like being content with the doorstep of a palace when you might reach the throne. Let them see that they went safely through, *and past*, the wonders of psychic development, till they dwelt inwardly in the security and illumination of the spirit world. She fully believed psychic phenomena to have been of great value in drawing attention to the Unseen, in an age of materialism, but thought they should not let it stop there. We learn that about £500 was realised by the bazaar, after paying all expenses.

THE DISABILITIES OF SPIRITUALISTS.—In support of a resolution passed at the annual S.N.U. conference in Manchester on July 3 on the disabilities of Spiritualists under the present laws, the Nelson (Lancs.) Church and Lyceum are to be congratulated on securing the presence

of Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., at a special Lyceum session on October 24. The platform was decorated for the occasion, and the church was filled. After the opening exercises two small Lyceumists welcomed the visitors in words suitably penned by the church's secretary, Mrs. Parkinson, after which Mrs. Greenwood received a lovely bouquet of flowers, while Mr. Greenwood and his agent, Mr. Throup, received red roses. The Lyceum conductor, Mr. Bateman, then presented Mr. Greenwood with a gilt-edged copy of the Lyceum Officer's Manual. Mr. Greenwood in his address stressed the importance of distinguishing between right and wrong in conduct, and emphasised the value of education and tolerance for improving the conditions of the human race. He said the Lyceum's session had been a source of inspiration to him, and thanked all most heartily for their warm reception and presentations. He was heartily with them, he said, in their struggle for religious freedom, and would do all in his power for the abolition of the present laws, under which Spiritualists suffer, when the opportunity arises in Parliament. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded him on the motion of Mr. Hargreaves, the president, supported by the vice-president, Mr. Raw. Madame Gladys North was soloist on this occasion.

GROWTH OF SPIRITUALISM IN READING.—After three years of continuous effort and progress the Reading Spiritualist Church held its opening services in their new home, the Foresters' Hall, London Street, on November 7. Situated in the centre of the town, the hall was bright with flowers, well heated, and attractive. The morning service was conducted by Mrs. Croxford, of Southsea, and in the evening, Mr. Percy Scholey, resident missionary of Croydon Spiritualist Church, compared the humble birth of Spiritualism to that of Christianity, and claimed that the spreading of its Gospel was another step towards the manifestation of the Christ spirit, leading to "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." Mrs. Croxford then described the forms of those who had crossed the borderline into the greater life, whom she saw clairvoyantly among the congregation, and many were recognised by those present as their friends or relatives. The Chairman invited all to attend the Spiritualist Sunday School so that they might know what was being taught the children, and drew attention to a meeting to be held at the Small Town Hall on Monday, November 29th, when Mr. Buchan-Ford, M.A., LL.B., Mr. Barbanell, Vice-President of London District Council of the Spiritualists' National Union, and Mr. Glover-Botham, of London, are to speak. The members of the Church are to be congratulated on this forward move, as well on the kindly sympathy they have experienced from many friends of other denominations. The collections for the opening day were devoted to Earl Haig's Fund for ex-Service men.

Brief Notices of New Books

THE PAGEANT OF THE YEAR. By Elise Emmons. London: Stockwell. 3/6 net.

This new book of poems by Miss Emmons is marked by the same sweet tunefulness and gentle spirituality as its predecessors. It begins with poetical meditations on the twelve months, with illustrations by Cecil French. There are about a hundred other poems on every variety of subject.

OCCULTISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By Hugh Roscoe. London: Rider & Co. 7/6 net.

The author of this work writes under a nom-de-plume, and gives the fruits of his painstaking and conscientious work as a lay student of religion. He tries to restate the fundamental truths of Christianity from an occultist's point of view. Among the problems dealt with are the Virgin Birth, Reincarnation, and Immortality. The principles of occult and esoteric teaching are stated and discussed, and the book concludes with a dignified plea for Christian unity.

CHEIROPHY: A Scientific Treatise on Palmistry. By Albert Raphael. 5/6 post free.

EARTHLOGY: Humanity as Characterised by the Earth, Sun, and Zodiac. By Albert Raphael. 6/9 post free.

These two works by the American Raphael have had a great vogue in America for the past quarter of a century, and are now obtainable from Mr. W. J. Bryce, the well-known bookseller, of 69 High Holborn, London, W.C. They are handsomely bound with gilt top and lettering, and would make acceptable presents. The one on palmistry deals with the practice as well as the science, and has many useful illustrations. The other is purely astrological, and should appeal to students and practitioners of the ancient science of the stars.

MORNING TALKS WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS. Recorded by George G. André. London: Watkins, 21 Cecil Court, W.C.2. 2/- net.

This is a compact little volume we heartily commend. It is worthy of being ranked with Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and is even more suitable for present-day readers. It records over a hundred "morning-talks" the author has had with his inspirers. "Each deals with one leading thought which, while serving as a subject for the morning meditation, may be held in mind as a guiding thought for the day. Given as daily instructions in the ordering of life, they may have a general use as daily reading lessons for other than those whose experiences have brought them into touch with the facts of Spiritualism." No one could use this book daily without becoming nourished and enriched in mind and spirit.—From the same publisher, a fine address by Mr. André to the Letchworth National Spiritualist Church on "Spiritualism, the New Revelation," may be obtained in pamphlet form, price 6d. Nothing better than this could be used by Spiritualists for introducing the subject to their friends.

LIGHT ON THE FOOTHILLS. By "Heather B." London: Fowler's. 2/- net; post free 2/2.

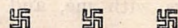
This little volume is full of the spiritual nurture and comfort so greatly wanted by many in these distracted times, and is thus introduced by Lady Mosley:—"These soul-inspiring thoughts, compiled from articles that have been appearing monthly in the *Psychic Gazette*, cannot fail to bring comfort and assurance to the searchers after the Higher Life, for they tell that where there was darkness there will be light; and this in a nutshell is the gist of these helpful and elevating discourses." Our readers will be pleased to have this series of inspiring meditations on eighteen topics brought within the boards of an attractive violet-covered book, equally suitable for their own shelves and for presentation to friends. They are on the same high plane as the author's two volumes "Healing Thoughts" and "Counsels from the Heavenly Spheres," and they will carry blessing, and perhaps blessedness too, to all who imbibe their spirit.

LIFE WORTH LIVING. By F. Heslop. London: Charles Taylor. 1/6 net.

The spirit-author of this work employs his wife as amanuensis in writing books on Spirit-life which have become classics, one of them, "Speaking across the Border-line," being now in its ninth edition. In his life he gloried in his Scottish nationality. His character was a combination of strength and tenderness. He was a keen sportsman, practical rather than poetical, and reticent about his religion: "his beautiful life alone revealed how closely he had walked with God, and he bore bravely and without a murmur his agony of suffering." He knew nothing during his earth-life about communion with the spirit-world, but not long after his passing he frequently made his presence known to his wife. "I can see him enter the room and stand beside me," she says; "he speaks slowly and distinctly, and

I simply write down what he tells me." The present work is intended as a little handbook for people beginning to be interested in the After-life. It was suggested by seeing the host of inquirers who attended a propaganda meeting at the People's Palace in the East End of London. It treats of the self, heredity, sin, death, the spirit-body, life after death, and spirit intercourse and communion. The last-mentioned, communion, says the author, "is the highest and holiest faculty given to man. It transcends intercourse. . . . You realise faintly what it is when your sympathy is too deep for words—when you can only hold some sufferer in your arms in silence, and yet, you are pouring out love and pity beyond the power of speech—when love at its highest thrills you with an exquisite bliss."

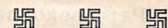
MRS. M. ETHELWYN HALL has sent us a neat booklet she has had printed for private circulation. It contains spirit-messages which "came in three spasms, as it were, and then ceased." She has no notion who the author may be. It contains some rich gems of spiritual instruction, and the title is "And he said unto me, 'Write.'" Any reader may secure a copy by sending 7d. in stamps to Mrs. Hall at 31 Onslow Gardens, Muswell Hill, N.10.



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

A Hampshire Reader: "The *Gazette* continues to arrive every month, bringing us great pleasure out here in the wilds of the Forest."

A Spiritualist Lecturer: "I have seen nothing so striking, as evidence of the modern trend in viewing Spiritualism, than is shown in your translation of the Brazilian Roman Catholic Bishop's pronouncement anent our subject."



A SCANDALOUS SENTENCE of three months imprisonment with hard labour was meted out at Tower Bridge Police Court, London, on November 19, to John William Grout, of Brixton, S.W., for telling fortunes by cards at twopence a time to a crowd of persons wanting a little cheap amusement. No member of the public complained, but Detective-Sergeant Ellis, on seeing what was being done, told the man he would be charged for an offence. This ridiculously severe sentence was passed by Mr. Magistrate Tassel, who should really cultivate a better sense of proportion in awarding suitable penalties for such minor "crimes." Sergeant Ellis will, of course, be marked for promotion for his zeal and skill in capturing this tame rabbit, while cat-burglars and motor thieves are keeping out of his reach!

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